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POETRY.

THE PLACE WHERE MEN SHOULD DIE.

How little reck it where men lie,
When o'er the moment's past
In which the dim and glancing eye
Has looked on earth its last—
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffin form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.
Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold;
And at its summons each must go,
The timid and the bold,
But when the spirit free and warm
Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
Dissolves again to dust?
The soldier falls, mid' corpses piled,
Upon the battle plain,
Where ruthless war-steeds gallop wild
Above the mangled slain;
But though his corse be grim to see,
Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What reck it, where the spirit free
Has soared aloft to God?
The coward's dying eyes may close
Upon his downy bed,
And softest hands his limbs compose,
Or garments o'er them spread;
But ye who slum the bloody fray,
Where fall the mangled brave,
Go—strip his coffin-lid away,
And see him in his grave!
With these sweet, indeed, to close our eyes
To where we cherish near,
And wafted upwards, by their sighs,
To soar to some calmer sphere,
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

A MISER'S EPITAPH.

Here lies old Thirty-three Per Cent,
The more he got the more he lent,
The more he lent the more he craved,
God God, can such a soul be saved?

SMOKING IN THE EAST.

Smoking occupies nearly nine-tenths
of an eastern life; men of all nations, all
races, of every language, and of every
amount of education, follow this universal
custom. In Constantinople, everybody
smokes his tobacco, pipe, and cigar;
from the young boy to the oldest man,
the highest to the lowest grade of society,
men and women, gentle and simple, con-
versing, transacting business, writing,
reading, or walking—all emit, twenty,
or thirty times a day, the shorter or longer
intervals, larger or smaller clouds of smoke.
But the king of smokers—he who, with-
out his pipe, would consider life a slavery,
enjoyment a misery, and supreme rule an
insupportable burden—is the Osmanli, the
Turk, of pure race, the legitimate descen-
dant of Mohammed. Poor Osmanli! If
the Russians had conspired to destroy all
his tubs of cherry-tree, walnut, rosewood,
or jasmine—his perfume and opiate tobac-
co, and his magnificent jeweled, enameled,
or carved amber mouth-piece—he would
more willingly have abandoned his Euro-
pean empire to the *Ghazis Peshawars*; any-
thing but deprivation of the supreme de-
light of his tobacco, the companion of
his kief.

The kief, what is the kief? What
is the kief? It is unknown in England,
where men labor perpetually, and think
and act incessantly. It consists in doing
nothing—thinking of nothing! When you
see a man of a woman reclining languidly
on a sofa near the window, and looking
far into the blue distance of the sea or open
country; when in your walk you observe
an individual, half congealed under a ver-
dant tree, near a river or fountain, or on
these shores; or when you discover him
indolently resting on a carpet, amidst
the thick foliage of his garden, or the
dark cypresses of a cemetery, and he re-
mains motionless, so that life is only dis-
covered by the exhalating, at regular in-
tervals, of the smoke of his tobacco, the
mouth-piece of which rests lightly between
his lips—you would say he is making his
kief. Opium is often in his tobacco; a
glass of raki is sometimes before him; but
in this case, the kief is profaned. Coffee
alone, served in a small cup, capable of
holding two or three sips of the precious
draught, makes part of the solemnity—
then smoke, nothing but smoke. Renounce
for the time it lasts—one hour at least—
motion and life; deprive the mind of all
thought, and the body of all action; merge
yourself into nothingness; neither see nor
speak; but look vacantly, on nature, and
the smoke rising from the pipe—these are
the qualities indispensable for those who
dedicate themselves to the worship of the
kief. This lethargic concentration of the

body, this wandering or negation of the
soul four or five times a day, is the great-
est enjoyment of Mussulman life. It is to
the Turk an abstraction from life to an
ecstasy which few pleasures can equal,
and no joys surpass, unless it be those of
paradise, promised by the prophet to the
true believer.

The Turk fought resolutely to procure
this solemn state of lethargy and sleep-
walking, for among no people was the in-
roduction of tobacco opposed, with so
much vigor as among the Turks. It was
in 1605, in the reign of the sultan Akmed,
that the Dutch, who had for some time
taken a portion of the commerce of the
east from the Venetians, brought the plant
to Constantinople, and produced a new
enjoyment for the conquerors of the proud
Stambuul. History relates that they
gave themselves up to the habit of smok-
ing with such an excess of satisfaction,
that the mufti, thinking he perceived in
the intoxication produced in those unac-
customed to its use, the same effects as
wine, issued a fetva against the innova-
tion. This decree caused general dissatis-
faction. It was urged that tobacco could
not, like wine, defile, as the smoke did
not remain in the body; and as it had
not been prohibited by Mohammed, the
mufti had no right to be more severe than
the prophet. The mufti put forth various
prophecies, and endeavored to prove them
authentic, in which tobacco was stigmatiz-
ed; and those who had introduced it were
denounced as false prophets, exposed to
Allah's wrath. These discussions only
increased the general desire to taste, and
caused the indulgence to be more gener-
ally used; but the mufti insisting on the
execution of his fetva, a popular insurrec-
tion ensued, in which even the troops,
janizaries, and officers of the seraglio took
part; and the mufti, to restore public tran-
quillity, was obliged to revoke his command.
Thus tobacco, spite of prophecies, fixed its
dominion in Turkey, spread through the
whole empire with the almost rapidity
with which it was naturalized, and soon attained a high
state of perfection, as the soil was found
to be eminently favorable for its cultiva-
tion. From that time the Turks have
maintained that it is impossible to live
without it; and a pipe of tobacco and a
cup of coffee are indispensable in making a
present in due form.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.
The construction of the following argu-
ment in my own mind, originated in the
necessity of my nature. Some years ago,
I had the misfortune to meet with the fal-
lacies of Hume on the subject of causation.
His specious sophistries shook the
faith of my reason as to the existence of a
God; but could not overcome the fixed re-
pugnance of my heart to negation so mon-
strous; and consequently I felt that infinite,
restless craving for some point of fixed
purpose which atheism can not give, but
absolutely and madly disaffirms.

One beautiful evening in May, I was
reading by the light of the setting sun in
my favorite Plato. I was seated on the
grass, interwoven with golden blooms, im-
mediately on the bank of the crystal Colo-
rado of Texas. Dim in the distant west
arose with smoky outlines massy and irreg-
ular, the blue cones of an offshoot of the
Rocky mountains. I was perusing one of
Academecian's most starry dreams. It had laid fast hold
of my fancy, without exciting my faith. I
waxed to think that it could. At length I
came to that startling sentence, "God ge-
ometrises." "Vain revelry," I exclaimed,
as I cast the volume on the ground at my
feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flow-
er that looked fresh and bright, as if it had
just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I
broke it from its silvery stem, and began
to examine its structure. Its stem was five
parts in number; its green calyx had five
parts; its delicate coral was five, parted
with rays, expanding like those of the Tex-
an star. This combination of five three
times in the same blossom appeared to me
very singular. I had never thought on the
subject before. The last sentence I had
just read in page of the pupil of Socrates
was ringing in my ears—"God geometrises."
There was the text, written centuries
ago, and here this little flower, in the re-
mote wilderness of the west, furnished the
commentary. There fell suddenly, as it
were, a faint flash of light, I felt my heart
leap in my bosom. The enigma of the uni-
verse was open. Swift as thought I calcu-

lated on the chances against the produc-
tion of those three fives in one flower, and
I found that there were one hundred and
twenty chances against such a supposition.
I extended the calculation to two flowers,
by squaring the sum last mentioned. The
chances amounted to the large sum of fif-
teen thousand six hundred and twenty-five.
I cast my eyes around in the forest; the
old woods were literally alive with those
golden blooms, where countless bees were
humming and butterflies sipping honey
dew.

I will not attempt to describe my feel-
ings. My soul became a tumult of radiant
thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from
the grass where I had tossed him in a fit
of despair. I again and again pressed him
to my bosom, with the chain of my mother
around the neck of her child. I kissed al-
ternately the book and the relic, bedewing
them both with tears of grateful joy. In
my enthusiasm, I called out to the birds
that were singing on the boughs, thrilling
their chants of praise for the departing
day—"Sing on, sunny and ever joyous
minstrels! Lo! ye and I children of God."
—Dem. Review.

A NEW SUGAR PLANT.

The forthcoming agricultural report of
the patent office will contain an interesting
account of a new variety of sugar plant,
which it is thought may be introduced with
advantage into our country. The plant is
called the "sorgho lucere," and has been
cultivated to a considerable extent in
France. Under the auspices of the patent
office, the seeds of it have been distributed
in various parts of the United States. The
sorgho lucere grows very much like Indian
corn, and in rich lands attains a height of
two to three yards. It is an annual
in France, but it is believed that in the
southern states its roots would survive the
winter and send up new shoots in the
spring.

The juice which is contained in the stalk
of the plant furnishes sugar, alcohol, and a
fermented drink analogous to cider. The
proportion of sugar contained in the juice is
from 10 to 16 per cent, and about one-
third part is uncrystallizable. Although
in a northern climate this last property
would be an obstacle to the extraction of
the crystallizable part of the sugar, yet it
adds much to its facility of readily ferment-
ing, and consequently to the amount of al-
cohol which may be produced from it. In
a southern climate the proportion of un-
crystallizable sugar would be less.

It is thought that the sorgho may take
the place of the sugar cane in the more
northern of the southern states, where the
latter is annual. Its molasses is identical
with that manufactured from the cane, and
its stalks and leaves furnish nutritious for-
rage for animals. In the manufacture of
brandy or alcohol, the uncrystallizable sug-
ar can be turned to excellent account.—
Experiments have shown that the central
part of the stalk contains the greatest
amount of saccharine matter, and that the
best time to cut it is when the seeds are in
a milky state. The ripeness of the seeds,
however, does not appear to lessen much
its production of sugar.

ADVICE TO ORATORS.

The New York Express thus hints to
the orators of the religious anniversaries.
It is good for various latitudes:
"If the orators are wise, and desire to
have their thoughts given to the public,
—the wheat, that is, the ideas,—not the
chaff,—that is, the mere words, they will
do well to study brevity. Life is short,
Time precious! The apostles were all men
of few words. They did not work by speech-
es. They dealt in big thoughts and noble
actions. Try and imitate the apostles,—
just for once,—do."

EVIL REPORTS.

The longer I live, the more I feel the
importance of adhering to the rule, which
I have laid down for myself in such mat-
ters.
1. To hear as little as possible of what
ever is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I
am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink the spirit of one who
circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can,
the unkindness expressed towards oth-
ers.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

One of the principal causes, if not the
cause, of the attenuated and pallid appear-
ance of Americans, is doubtless the neg-
lect, or rather the violation—the habitual
violation of the rules laid down by nature
for muscular development. The class of
men whose occupations are such as almost
necessarily lead to the formation of seden-
tary habits is very large, larger perhaps in
proportion than that of any other com-
mercial nation. And this will account in a
measure for the fact that the various com-
plaints, generally the concomitants of in-
sufficient physical exercise, are more pre-
valent here than elsewhere. Our young men
become clerks at an early age, and being
thus confined to the counting-room at a
time of life when the open air and constant
motion of the body are indispensable, it is
not surprising that they should be in their
manhood so sadly deficient in muscular
vigor, and exhibit so little of the athletic
development which is looked for in the
sterner sex. With many such their lot is
their fate, or is imposed as a necessity from
which there is no escape, and for these
there is some excuse for the loss of health
and life. But what shall be said of those
who make no effort to ameliorate their
condition, or of that still more culpable
class, who, from mere indolence, suffer their
bodies to waste away, to sink into pre-
mature old age—actually paying a premium
for crooked spines, humped backs, round
shoulders, attenuated and drooping limbs.
Such persons are guilty of a species of sui-
cide, which, inasmuch as it is more delib-
erate, may be equally, if not more criminal
than when the brittle thread is severed in
an instant by the victim of misfortune or
delirium.

In Germany, the old men thought they
saw the youth degenerating, both physical-
ly and socially; and after severe study and
mature reflection, recommended by eloquent
appeals, through the public prints, the
adoption of vocal and gymnastic exercises,
as characteristics of the German race. In
a short time, gymnastic and vocal associa-
tions were organized throughout the whole
extent of Germany, which resulted in a
highly favorable revolution in the physical
condition of the people. It is not neces-
sary for proper and healthful exercise; that
one should be provided with parallel bars,
&c., for there are many things at hand
that may be substituted for them, which can
be made at no expense or trouble, equally
efficient. Fist irons, it is suggested, by a
contemporary, can be used to develop the
muscles of the arms and chest, and a rope
to serve the same purpose for the lower
limbs. If such simple exercises were prac-
tised daily within doors and in the open air
by the youth of the country, there would
soon be a diminution in the many defects
which mar the appearance, and impair the
health of the people.

A GEM FROM DICKENS.

Believe me, good is everywhere. Poor,
naked, hungry, sick, wronged as we may
be through long years, snug incomes, well
cut coats, good dinners, sound and perfect
health, justice and fate will come—must
come at last, if we only wait, and hope, and
work. All have not an equal share, and
some men, by a continuous infelicity, which
the most submissive are tempted to regard
as an adverse and remorseless fate, fall
down weary and die upon the very thresh-
old of mundane reward; but let any aver-
age man—the medium between Miserimus
and Felicissimus—look retrospectively in-
to himself, and consider how many things
have happened to him unexpectedly, un-
asked for, undeserved; how many happi-
nesses of love, friendship, sight, feeling,
have come upon him unawares—have
"turned up," so to say, familiarly. A great
Italian poet says there is no greater sorrow
than the remembrance in misfortune of the
happy time. "It can be scarcely so. It is
balm rather than anguish for a man when
fortune has thrown the shade of a cypress
over him, to recall the dear friends, the
joyous meetings, the good books, the leafy
days of old; for with the remembrance
comes hope that those good things (pres-
ent circumstances looking ever so black)
will return again. It is only when we know
we have sinned, misused, wasted the jew-
eled days in the year's rosary, that remem-
brance becomes sorrow: for remembrance
then is associated with remorse; and we
wish—ah, how vainly! ah, how bitterly!
that those days had never been, or that
they might be again, and we use them bet-
ter."

The French Emperor and General Pelis- sier.

The Paris correspondent of the Man-
chester Guardian writes: I have received
permission from a friend to publish the
following letter from his son-in-law, who
took part in the attack of the 18th. After
details relating to family matters only, he
says:
"Naturally enough, you are anxious for
details of our ill-luck. Well, it was all,
not Pelissier's fault, but the emperor's; the
plans and orders all came from him. All
and there is a mystery here. Why should
Pelissier all at once obey him, and alter
all his own plans? This is inexplicable.
Bosquet represented the danger to him,
so did others too; but he seems to have
felt that, just this once, he could not re-
sist; and dearly he has paid for it too!
"Two points appear to have been upper-
most in the emperor's mind: 1st, a victory
for the French troops on the 18th June,
(the date of Waterloo,) and next, a cir-
cumstance for his imperial guard to dis-
tinguish itself in. Both failed, and Pelis-
sier since then is not to be touched with
a pair of tongs; he is quite unapproachable
and I doubt whether any subsequent or-
ders will be much listened to."
The rest of the letter contains details
such as one reads in all the papers; but I
will give you my chief reason for thinking
the above passage so interesting. It is
that it confirms something I learnt two
days ago, and can not doubt, knowing the
quarry it came from. Since the 18th,
Pelissier has, in truth, received more "or-
ders," but he pays no longer any attention
to them. Three successive ones came—
no answer! Then the director of the tel-
egraph received a dispatch, and "Carry
this yourself to the general, and repeat his
answer," was the postscript to it. This
was done.
Pelissier read the order, tore it up, and
turning upon his heel, growled, "Is mem-
berent!" The English translation for this
would be, in sense, a mixture of "Go to the
—!" and of "Don't bother!"—it is
the highest expression of disgust in parlia-
mentary language. The telegraph director
reported the reply. Marshal Vaillant was
taken aback; he went to the emperor, and,
in a roundabout way, attempted to convey
to the imperial ear a softened idea of the
general's resistance. But this was useless.
After a vast deal of talk, the emperor in-
sisted upon seeing the dispatch itself, and
the minister was obliged to produce it, in
no little trepidation. He very naturally
expected a "sceppe;" but when Louis Na-
poleon caught sight of the unceremonious
sentence, he confined himself to a hearty
laugh, and I think I could name two per-
sons of his intimacy to whom he has him-
self subsequently told the story.

Gov. Medill, of Ohio, candidate for re-
election, when he heard of the removal of
Gov. Reeder exclaimed:
"Here it is again! The northern elec-
tion once more jeopardized to save the
south. The Ohio democrats are of no ac-
count at all. We have not got any nig-
gers. So far as Gov. Reeder's removal
is concerned, the administration had bet-
ter have joined the abolitionists at once.
It is as good as 50,000 votes to Chas.—
Boys, we are dead; and I fear there is no
resurrection."

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.—A Vermont editor gives this advice to the ladies:—

"When you have got a man to the stick-
ing point—that is, when he proposes—
don't turn away your head, or affect a
blush, or refer him to papa; or ask for more
time; all those tricks are understood now,
but just look him right in the face, give
him a hearty smack, and tell him to go
and order the furniture."

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN MICHIGAN.

The state central committee in Michigan
have issued a call for a republican mass
convention, to assemble at the village of
Kalamazoo, at 12 o'clock, noon, on Wed-
nesday, the 12th day of September next.

NIMROD AND THE MOON.

Nimrod, looking at the moon the other morning, remark-
ed, that it must be nearly out of change.
"Why so?" asked we. "Because I see
it has got at its last quarter," replied the
archer. We treated to a glass of root
beer.
An apothecary lately sent in a bill to a
lady which ran thus—"To curing your
husband till he died."

THE PORTLAND QUARRIES.

Mr. Manly of the Christian Messenger,
lately visited the celebrated Sandstone
quarries at Portland, opposite Middletown,
Conn. He gives the following excellent
description:
Arriving on the ground and before ap-
proaching the pits from which the stone is
now taken, we are surprised at the immense
quantity of stone, finished and unfinished,
scattered over an area of fifteen or twenty
acres and upon which hundreds of work
men, hewing them into proper shape.
The instrument used almost exclusively, is
the genuine Irishman's dirt-pick, and, in-
deed, it is swung by Irish arms with remark-
able precision.

We approach a man, a Yankee, who
with rule in hand seems to be laying out
the work for the hewers. He is called the
dimensions-man, and is ready to give us
the information we desire. This sandstone
range lying along the bank of the river, is
owned by three corporations.

The first is the Shailer & Hall quarry,
giving employment to 200 men. The stone
is now taken from the bottom of a pit 150
feet deep, excavated nearly perpendicularly
on all sides and covering an area of about
an acre. A steam engine of about forty
horse power, pumps the water and lifts the
stone. Next is the Brainard & Co.'s quar-
ry, employing 200 men. They are taking
stone from 170 feet below the surface and
it is drawn out mostly by ox power along
an inclined plane which has been preserved
around the sides of the pit. Here also a
forty horse power engine is employed in
pumping and lifting. The last and largest
quarry is the Middlesex, where 380 men
are employed at an expense of about \$600
per day. The pit from which the stone is
taken in this quarry is 150 feet deep and
has an area of three acres. The oxen and
horses employed in this excavation are
let down and taken up by steam power.—
Two powerful engines are employed to do
the lifting and pumping.

For two or three years previous to the
present, from 1200 to 1500 men have
been employed in these quarries, but the
financial embarrassments of the year have
so far curtailed building operations in the
cities, that this large reduction has been
necessary.

These quarries have been worked for
nearly two hundred years, as the records
of Middletown show, and monumental slabs
of this stone in her ancient burying-ground
bear inscriptions nearly as old, and yet we
suppose there has been as much stone tak-
en out the last ten years as in the former
one hundred and ninety. Enough has been
taken to build a city. A fleet of twenty-
five or more schooners are constantly busy
during about eight months of the year,
which is the season of activity at the quar-
ries, in transporting the stone to all the
Atlantic cities, from Portland to Charles-
ton, and up all the navigable waters bet-
ween. Many of the most aristocratic pri-
vate mansions of New York and Boston,
and the costliest public edifices, are con-
structed of this stone. Its color is a shade
darker than brick-red. In point of dura-
bility, time has given it a favorable ver-
dict.

A word in regard to its origin. There
can be no reasonable doubt but that it was
formed from successive depositions of sand,
brought down by freshets in the Connecti-
cut river, in some of the early ages of the
world's history, before it was fitted for the
habitation of man. The evidence of this
we can not stop to recount in this place,
but will mention one. As the various strata
of rock have been taken up, foot-prints
of birds and other animals and vegetable
remains have been found, which must have
been left in the yielding sand, before the
succeeding freshet made a new deposit.—
They are the tracks of extinct and gigan-
tic races, and are found a hundred feet
and more down the solid rock.

SECRETS.—Mr. P. Sydney says: "What
is mine, even to my life, is her's I love; but
the secret of my friend is not mine." What
a delightful state of social system would
exist if every body thought and practised
with Sydney! Fewer heart-burnings, jeal-
ousies, and vexations would have place
among men. If all men were able to keep
a secret, then were all men as near a state
of perfection as may be desirable in this
wicked world.

Some men can tell all they know in
ten minutes.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Sept. 8, 1855

S. M. PATTENBELL & Co. are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

The democratic state convention, at Worcester, on Wednesday, selected the following ticket:

- For governor—E. D. Beach, of Springfield.
For lieutenant governor—Caleb Stetson of Braintree.
For secretary of state—Jona. E. Field, of Stockbridge.
For treasurer—Stedman Buttrick, of Concord.
For auditor—Oliver Stevens, of Boston.
For attorney general—Nathaniel J. Lord, of Salem.

Mr. Beach is, without doubt, a man of talent and good private character; but he stands upon the Pierce platform, and, for that reason, it is the duty of all political anti-slavery men to oppose his election.

The resolutions adopted by the convention indorse the present national administration, and Mr. Beach is an administration man. The democrats of the state have taken their stand and panned their challenge, and their opponents must now repair their weapons, and be ready for the contest.

If anti-slavery men wish to roll back the tide of southern arrogance, which now threatens to overflow all the most precious landmarks of freedom; if they wish to stamp their indignation upon the proceedings in Kansas; if they wish to prove themselves legitimate descendants of those early patriots who defied and successfully resisted the encroachments of proud old England—they must forget minor and side issues.

In the present campaign, we should know no issue but that which the south has forced upon us; all others are "illusions by the side of it." That topic, by its imminence, eclipses everything else, and we can not see how any real anti-slavery man can refuse to support the republican ticket on account of petty prejudice or side issues.

Minor topics should be postponed. If Beach is elected, the slave oligarchy will give utterance to a howl that will satisfy the strictest devotee at the shrine of serfdom.

Union, harmony and concession will be needed at Worcester on the 20th inst. and the same among the anti-administration voters. For ourself, we are ready to support the ticket notated by that convention—no matter whether the candidates happen to be in favor or opposed to the prohibitory liquor law; and no matter whether they like or dislike the "rich Irish brogue and sweet German accent."

VERMONT. The "star that never sets" is in the zenith—the republicans having swept the state, and elected their candidates for state offices by 15,000 or 20,000 majority. They have also secured the legislature ten to one. The Green Mountain boys can always be relied upon. From the revolution down to the present time, they have ever been the consistent friends of freedom—always clinging to the maxim that "opposition to tyranny is obedience to God." Every one remembers the remarks of Gen. Stark to his Vermont troops just before the battle of Bennington:—"Fellow soldiers! if we are defeated, may Molly Stark sleep a widow this night!"

POPULATION OF LOWELL.—The persons appointed to take the census, have completed their labors, with the exception of classifying and arranging. Owing to the absence of one of them from the city, however, we are unable to give the exact population, but learn that it will vary but slightly from 38,000, going rather above those figures than under. In 1850 our population was 33,388. We learn further that the census found 200 empty houses in the city. [Lowell News.]

THE COTTON CROP IN MISSISSIPPI.—A letter from Natchez, Mississippi, states that the cotton crop was suffering from rot and rust in that region, and the prospects from fifteen to twenty per cent. worse than they were two weeks ago.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF METHODISM IN AMERICA.—In 1775, five Methodists settled in the city of New York, and formed the first society in America. In 1855, just a century later, the Methodist church in the United States numbers over four millions of worshippers. [Presbyterian.]

The existing war has already cost England this year \$240,000,000, and the people of Britain begin to be alarmed about their increased taxation.

General Sutter, the famous veteran pioneer of California, is said to have sustained a damage of \$25,000 this year in his crops by grasshoppers.

SEBASTOPOL.—The latest news from the seat of war is of no consequence.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

Now that the evenings are beginning to be of some length, it is time to talk about a literary or debating club. The one last winter, though not as successful in point of numbers as was desired, yet was not a failure by any means. We look back with more satisfaction at those weekly meetings in "Lane's Hall" than anything else since our residence in Chicopee.

The Scotch in this village have a club somewhat similar to the one proposed, but it is not a public one; they meet at private houses, every Wednesday evening, and select one of their company to read a portion of the time, followed by discussion, and concluded by the singing of good old Scotch songs.

The drain in this village, from Center street to the river, was completed on Monday. It has been a difficult job, and will probably cost the town about \$3,000.

Ellen Downing has sued officers Southworth, Whitaker and Porter for seizing her liquor; she estimates damages at \$2,000. The case will come before the court of common pleas, in December.

At the democratic caucus on Monday evening, in Atlantic Hall, Benning Leavitt, W. W. Johnson, M. J. Severance, Esq., Sullivan Dickinson and Samuel Frost were selected as delegates to attend the democratic state convention.

The Catholics in this town intend to commence the erection of a new church next spring—cost of it to be \$26,000; the site is already purchased. Rev. Mr. Blinlinsop stated last Sabbath that persons would be immediately appointed to take a monthly collection—the proceeds to be appropriated for that purpose. There are about three thousand Catholics in Chicopee, and their present church is not large enough to accommodate a third of that number.

Let there be a good attendance at Cabot Hall on Thursday evening. The present campaign will be an exciting one, and the friends of freedom must be wide awake to their duty. Only two or three refused to sign the "Call" in to-day's paper, and four times the number of names appended to it could have been procured. Remember the time—Thursday evening, September 13.

Last Sabbath, Rev. Mr. Lincoln, pastor of the Baptist church, baptized three persons in Chicopee river.

Madison Kendall, of the Cabot House, has a tomato; raised on his farm, weighing two pounds.

We refer our readers to J. A. Martin's advertisement, in another column. Mr. M. is so well known to Chicopee people as an excellent teacher of penmanship, that he will undoubtedly have a large class. This is the "last chance."

E. F. Brown has presented us a pear measuring 11 1/2 inches one way and 11 the other, and weighing 11 ounces. He has "a few more left, of the same sort."

Are you going to school? Are you going to school this term?—Such was the question we overheard a boy ask his mate, the other day, as we passed along the street. Vacation was ended, and the term had begun, but here was this vital question unsettled. It appears by the last report of the secretary of the board of education that the absences from school in our town average one third of the whole number of children between the ages of 5 and 15 years. Is this necessary? Is it good policy?

Some are absent on account of poor health. It is said the learning will be of little worth if the body is feeble. Is it so? If a child was to be an invalid life through, would not a taste for books save him from many lonely, despondent hours?

Yet, we say, take care of the health of your child. But is the school responsible for his poor health? Has the heavily loaded table, or ill ventilated rooms, or careless clothing, nothing to do with it?

A child is feeble; but is there any systematic, persistent effort to give him strength? He is taken out of school; yet the school occupies but six hours out of the twenty-four. Are not eighteen hours a day sufficient for rest and recreation?—May not the mind, heart and soul lose more than the body gains by this street wandering? But perhaps the child is kept at home to earn a trifle. Do we not thus save a few pence and throw away many pounds? The child may earn you a dollar this week, but is he ready for the work of life? Give the child half a meal of vict-

uals each day, & you might save something in your butcher's and baker's bill. But would it be true economy? Is it better to half lay the foundation of your house, and to move in when the boards are half nailed on, or to wait until that house is ready?

But you say the child does not wish to go to school. Is the crude thought of the child to be forever the measure of duty and of action? Can nothing be done to awaken the interest of that child? Can not the boy of fifteen be showed the connection between his lesson of to-day and his work ten or twenty years hence?—Here is a boy; you may see him in the street, or at the railroad depot. You may find him anywhere else except at school. Now what is the chance that he will make a good man, a valuable citizen?

We boast of our school system. But what is the use of the system unless we employ it efficiently?

For the Weekly Journal. LYCEUM LECTURES. MR. PRATT.—Will you grant me the privilege of calling the attention of our citizens to the subject of "lyceum lectures?"

It is well known by the six hundred patrons of the course of last winter, that as a whole, the course was highly satisfactory, and reflect great credit upon the committee. The success attending the course is the only evidence needed to show the practicability of the enterprise, and the good resulting therefrom.

It now remains for the citizens of Chicopee to say whether they shall or shall not be another course the coming winter. If it is wished, the friends of the enterprise have but to call a meeting, choose a committee, secure the lecturers, purchase their tickets, and have an interesting and profitable time.

The writer would suggest, that a meeting be held on Friday evening next, Sept. 14th, to consult upon measures and perfect plans. Yours, &c. C. H. WEBSTER.

We hope our citizens will look favorably upon the suggestion of our correspondent, and meet in Atlantic Hall on Friday evening next. It is time, to commence agitating the subject of a course of lectures for the coming winter.

For the Weekly Journal. Incidents of a Trip from Chicopee to Saratoga.

I'll tell you now of some nice things occurred while going to the Springs. In hopes that cautioned by the way you'll not for fun too dearly pay.

Two travelers, both very witty, Not twenty miles from New York city Bade friends adieu with shake of paw, And stepped aboard the boat "Geo. Law."

Arrived at 7 in the city— 'Twas raining then, and more's the pity. The streets were sloppy, the sky was dark, When both the gents passed thro' the park, Down Murray street, like sons of Mars, And took their station in the cars.

Away they rode, their friends to greet, 'Up town, in famous Perry street. In life's good things they drowned their cares, And snugly housed themselves up-stairs.

At morning's early dawn, a knock Advised them 'twas near 6 o'clock: A hasty breakfast then they ate, Left they should for the boat be late.

They left the cars at Barclay street, And with swift patter of feet Past Dey and Fulton streets they ran, And back to the "Metropolitan."

"Dunder and Blitzen!" friend, look here! We had to start for Jay street pier. No time to lose, with panting throat, We had but stepped aboard the boat—

Quite hot we were, but soon did shiver As the crazy boat put up the river. And now, I'll tell you not a fib, The old boat shook in every rib;

Her main saloon, which was up-stairs, Would make a dancing place for bears; The paint is worn off the floor, No hinge appears upon the door;

A joiner's bench serves for a table, Attended to by waiters sable. No matter now 'bout wages or rents, Your dinner costs but fifty cents;

Eat much or little, as you please, Of ham or beef, or bread and cheese— 'Twould take a gaunt, lean, half starved scholar To get the worth of his half dollar.

The captain must be very thrifty— For passage charged us one and fifty. While I'm here this side the grave, I'll ne'er forget that horrid "shape;"

In poverty or in prosperity, That "shape" I'll transmit to posterity, And tell to every friend I can. Beware of the "Metropolitan!"

This shave 't couldn't close our "e'en" To nature's loveliest, handsomest scene— Nor man on earth could e'er convince us That the houses of the merchant princes, Peeping through the trees, don't grace

The nicest spots on nature's face. Its rocky cliffs, its handsome glades, Its towering hills, its pallisades— Such scenes seldom the eye looks o'er, In any clime, or any shore.

I'd fast on beef or ox's liver For a sail upon the Hudson river; But with fasting we can't get along— 'Hallo, friend! don't you hear the gong?"

That sweetest note, as I'm a sinner, It calls the hungry folks to dinner. Along the route, sweet nature's sight But sharpens people's appetite—

My stomach's crying "cupboard" now, I'll have a piece of some old cow. The bench is laid, we take our seat— The waiter brings our slice of meat;

Large doses we get ("in a horn") And waiter waits to boil our corn. Potatoes, "few and far between," "Like angels' visits," here are seen;

And bread's not plenty—what a cheat! There hardly was enough to eat. In New York city, for two dimes, We'd have as good and plentier times.

We're late for Saratoga train, We'll ne'er come on this boat again— Her members shake from heart to liver, She's stowed on the Hudson river;

I'm tired out with her slow motion, My head is full of a Yankee notion. "Mille murder" and bloody wars, When I come again, I'll take the cars.

But Albany city's now in sight, We'll have to put up there to-night— For this, may blessings by the can Fall on the "Metropolitan!"

May chick nor goose, nor pig nor goat, Be slaughtered for that slow old boat! Whatever else may be her fate, Her passengers she'll e'er keep late.

Her captain too, oh, what a rogue, ah! To keep us late for Saratoga; But we'll push on ahead, my boy, And stop to night at old West Troy.

Such bother with the cabmen too— "Have a cab, sir?—you, or you?— I'll roll you on, sir, like a ball, And land you safe at Stanwix hall."

"Carry your bag?" says a young elf— "No, sir! I'll carry it myself." And we push on now in a rage, And go to West Troy in the stage.

One puts up at his friends, 'twas well, The other at the West Troy hotel. No towel, water, no, nor soap, Is there for layman, priest or pope.

Next morning we start off again, For Saratoga in the train. My story may be continued, Perhaps an afterpiece you'll see.

*Steamboat Metropolitan. TO THE CITIZENS OF CHICOPEE. The citizens of Chicopee who are opposed to the extension of slavery, and regard with favor the proposed convention of the people of Massachusetts, to be held at Worcester, on the 20th of September inst., are respectfully invited to assemble at Cabot Hall, on Thursday evening the 13th inst., at 7 1/2 o'clock, to choose delegates to said convention, and make such other arrangements as may be deemed necessary.

- John H. Smith, Geo. H. Chapman, George Thayer, Ezekiel Blake, George Blaisdell, Geo. W. Denison, J. W. Hildreth, Volney Winchell, Lyman Fairbanks, Charles Sherman, F. Cugin, Mortimer D. Whitaker, T. W. Carter, S. W. Parsley, John E. Marsh, Joshua Stevens, C. E. Damon, Marshall Pease, Geo. W. Denison, A. Bullens, James Henny, Phineas Stedman, Daniel Knapp, William H. West, Hamilton Fay, D. Bronson, J. S. Wolley, R. S. Furney, T. J. Bell, A. N. Goodell, F. H. Wyman, James M. Bly, H. L. Hendrick, W. A. Boyden, Geo. W. Chapin, J. A. King, Robert Pearsons, John B. Wood, W. H. H. Connor, L. H. Brigham, J. R. Whittenton, Luther Streeter, Ambrose Scott, Josiah Whitney, S. A. Hendrick, Chas. E. Miller, James B. Joyden, Cyrus Foss, W. A. Bennett, H. S. Loonis, James P. Briery, Edwin A. Miller, D. S. Shaw, S. B. Fairbanks, W. M. Pratt, Frederick Valentine, H. M. Moore, Jr., Moses Fisk, L. B. Lamson, P. C. Goodell, Chas. R. Collins, Norman Danks, Chas. S. Peach, Frederick Allen, Geo. H. Olds, J. Battenfield, Eber J. Atkins, George Babcock, H. H. Piersons, Lyman Jenks, C. H. Stacy, Marshall Elliott, C. H. Clapp, Wm. H. Langdon, Hiram Blanchard, James Daniels, J. P. Spaulding, Nathaniel Cutler, E. C. Hogan, Thos. A. Denison, S. B. Belcher, David B. Potts, S. Adams, J. Lowrey, Geo. L. Squire, Irving Ciemens, Asher Bartlett, W. D. Frazee, P. Cadwell, E. V. B. Holcomb, J. A. Denison, Richard Collins, Julius Lane, E. Miner, Varnum M. Taylor, I. M. Bullens, James O. Pratt, Leonard Carey, E. G. Heath, Edwin N. Snow, John Humphrey, David B. Griggs, Mason D. Whitaker, Joseph U. McCleuch, E. Bartlett, T. H. Ringgold, A. B. White, P. L. B. Stickney, S. F. Hamilton, J. S. Bagg, H. M. Russell, Jona. R. Childs, John Alexander, D. H. Whittemore, Jonathan Jones, Erasmus Stebbins, L. D. Bushe, Wm. H. Cooley, W. H. Carver, Avery Williams, James P. Phillips, Wm. H. Stewart, A. W. Howe, Joseph T. Bliss, H. C. Smith, E. F. Brown, J. J. Williams, Theo. S. Morgan, P. S. Holden, Amory Doolittle, Charles R. Ladd, Josiah Osgood, James Dow, Theo. P. Morgan, J. F. Wood, E. D. King, Luman S. Coe, A. S. Conner, Luman S. Coe, S. F. Remington, Sylvester Scott, H. A. Jenkins, H. M. Barnes, C. Allen, H. H. Phetteplace, Hiram Danks, Andrew Hubbard, J. M. Stoddard, Geo. W. Cary, H. G. Marlo, E. Stevens, J. H. Snow, M. S. Phetteplace, Luman Danks, Wm. Austin, Horatio Leach, R. Bellamy, William Miller, Edwin O. Carter, Wm. W. Roberts, M. L. Perry, Robert Alexander, John Valentine, Guy Davenport, Morris Morton, George Rumliff, Geo. J. Hamilton, Almon Spoor, Sylvester Allen, Henry Woods, Alton G. Taylor, Charles A. Taylor, H. H. Jewell

A FACTORY GIRL.

A correspondent of the Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph, in writing from Worcester concerning the Oread Institute, its studies, students, and examination, says:—

"There was another remarkable feature to this examination. The young lady who received the highest honors, who passed the best examination, and who is regarded by her associates as a wonder of intellectual cultivation, is Miss Rosalinda H. Palmer, formerly a Nashua factory girl, but now a resident of Worcester, and who, on leaving her school, has again entered the mill to earn money for the support of her indigent parents and younger sisters. Think of that, ye animated bundles of ribbons and bouces, who are butterflying around the dry goods stores, and nursing your white fingers upon some father's purse or the hopes of some future husband! There is a plainly dressed girl, now tending her loom on the Jackson corporation, in the corner of whose brain all that you ever knew or read of might lie as insignificant and unnoticed as a private in the great army of Xerxes."

COUNTY SHOWS.—The following cattle shows occur in this state this month: Worcester, at Worcester, on Sept. 26th and 27th.

Worcester north, at Fitchburg, on Sept. 19th.

Middlesex south, at Framingham, on Sept. 19th and 20th.

Middlesex, at Concord, on September 26th.

Essex, at Haverhill, on Sept. 26th and 27th.

Norfolk, at Dedham, on Sept. 26th and 27th.

Bristol, at New Bedford, on Sept. 26th and 27th.

Housatonic, at Great Barrington, on Sept. 26th and 27th.

Worcester west, at Barre, on Sept. 20th.

MAILING LETTERS ON BOARD THE CARS.—Complaints are being made to the department, that letters are mailed on board the cars, to the injury of the business of the post office. The department decides that a "post office is the place, and the only proper place, for mailing letters; and they are permitted to be mailed at the cars only to meet the exigencies of those who can not, with reasonable diligence, get them to a post office before the closing of the outgoing mail; and instructs mail agents to refuse to receive or mail all letters which they have reason to know or believe have been tendered to them under any other circumstances. Persons who have become fondled with the postmaster of a town have been known to combine for the purpose of injuring the business and revenue of the post-office, by employing an agent to collect letters and mail them at the cars. The department will use all lawful means to prevent all such combinations.—Washington Union

AMERICAN FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS has been singularly exemplified in Kansas territory, the legislature of which has just enacted a law containing, among other provisions, the following:

SECTION 12. If any free person, by speaking or by writing, assert or maintain that persons have not the right to hold slaves in the territory, or shall introduce into Kansas, print, publish, write, circulate, or cause to be introduced into the territory, written, printed, published or circulated in this territory, any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet or circular containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term not less than two years.

The Holyoke Mirror says as Mr. O. M. Warren (formerly of Chicopee,) of that town, was passing through the alley leading from Exchange Building to the Samosett House, Wednesday, he observed two or three Irishmen who were swearing and flourishing their fists at a terrible rate; halting to notice their movements, he was "pitched into" by one of the party, who seemed determined to fight somebody at all events. Warren endeavored in vain to pacify the Irishman, and finally was compelled, through self defense, to overpower him. Officer Wheeler soon making his appearance, he was handcuffed and led off to the lock-up.

WHAT EVERY ONE WHO WISHES FOR A NEW PARTY MUST DO.—It is an important part of the proposition for a new party that no one who enters it, shall be regarded as pledging himself to anything but opposition to the aggressions of slavery. The whig may retain his views of public policy still, and do all he can to carry them out. The know nothing may attach what importance he pleases to change the naturalization laws and bring them about. The Maine law man may urge the support of the prohibitory law and seek candidates who will further it. And so of the rest. Only none must aim to force his views on these topics upon other members of the party, nor must he seek them as of the first importance.—Hampshire Gazette.

The man who imagines himself wise, because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.—Barnum should have that chap.—Ex

From our New York Correspondent.

New York, Sept. 4th, 1855. September, thus far, has dealt us out warmer weather than August oppressed us with in the last half of his reign, showing that the distinction of seasons are arbitrary, and that the reign of lead drinks and linen pants does not depend upon calendar summer.

Our social, educational, and moral life, however, is regulated by the almanac. Out of town seekers of health and pleasure have returned. Fashionable religion does not flourish with the mercury at 90 degrees, so that religious exercises, suspended since June, were renewed last Sunday in eight or ten of our churches. All places of amusement open this week. The various schools, from colleges to elementary, were resumed yesterday. Among these is the young ladies academy of the Ursuline nuns at Melrose, near North-Haven, the members of which institution according to the published prospectus, "dedicates their time chiefly to the instruction of young ladies in the principles of virtue, and the various branches of a finished and ornamental education. Boarders must be furnished with a knife and fork, two silver spoons and goblet, six napkins, six towels, six changes of linen, twelve pairs of stockings, twelve handkerchiefs, six petticoats; tooth brush and comb." This is a towel and two handkerchiefs to each petticoat—number of coats not specified. Among the studies is the history of the United States, the text book being, of course, the work of a Mr. Shea, just issued, much praised by the Catholic journals as an admirable school book. Mr. Shea says he undertook the book at the instance of "the superior of one of the religious orders in the country, because the want of a history for our schools, free from popular errors, has long been felt." So it seems that such men as Bancroft and Hillard can not write histories of the United States fit to have a place in the peculiar training of Catholic schools.

The heirs of Jans and Bogardus, two Knickerbockers of 1664, have made a modest claim to the tracts, at that time known as Dominic Bowerly and Dominic Hook, extending east and west from Broadway to the Hudson river, and north and south from Christopher street to midway between Warren and Chambers streets.—This includes an immense tract of the best business portion of the city, worth at least \$20,000,000. They claim that Jans and Bogardus were among the conquered Dutch, whose rights of property were secured by the treaty of 1664; that the English General Nicolls executed acts of confiscation to the heirs of J. and B., securing to them this tract into his possession under special written instructions to lease as trustees of the heirs, that at the end of a lease for twenty years, the property reverted to the crown which held it in its own right until the treaty of 1783, unless it was transferred to the people of the state of New York, to be held in trust for these heirs.

They claim furthermore, that all the vast landed property of Trinity church is owned of right by the state of New York, and that this corporation only hold it at the pleasure of the people of this state, who may dispossess them by giving six weeks notice to quit, and what they now ask, is a withdrawal of the demurrer, which denies the right of a citizen to sue in court of law for his property in possession of the state. When this done, these heirs claim they will test in court the rights of the corporation of Trinity church to the landed property they now enjoy, and make good their own title to the land they claim. They will probably have a good time.

Rachel made her debut last evening, before a large, fashionable, and intelligent audience. It was entirely successful. Her character was Camille in Corneille's Horace. Her audience were evidently not influenced by their prepossessions, and evinced a disposition to approve no farther than she might deserve. The piece was too "cold and classical" to excite much interest among such utilitarians as we Yankees are, and had the additional disadvantage of being in a foreign language. But all these were forgotten when this child of genius appeared, invested with the simple sweetness and lofty heroism which linger about one's memory of Camille, the most lamented of Roman maids. As she proceeded to the tragic issue, the sympathy of the spectator deepened. All eyes rested steadily on her, as if held by a spell—the breathless silence deeper than I ever saw before, being broken only by irrepressible bursts of applause. No words can describe the scene in which she receives the news of her lover's death, and in the celebrated scene in which she pronounces a curse upon Rome, the thrill of horror which pervaded the vast auditory, attested the perfection of the acting.—Her triumph was complete, and by one representation, she takes her place at the head of all who have attempted lofty tragedy in this country.

MINNESOTA.—A letter from the new territory says:—"St. Paul is a fast place. It has eight weekly and three daily papers, and any quantity of lawyers and "fast" men; one hundred and thirty grog shops, three splendid billiard saloons, which have any quantity of customers. They are more extravagant in dress and equipage here than in New York or New Orleans, and pay greater prices. At the Windsor house, where we put up, the charge of a 4th of July dinner was five dollars, and many of the fast young men that called on champagne and extras, paid thirteen dollars.

GREAT BARGAINS IN CLOTHING.—Individuals and families who are in want of clothing, should not fail to visit Oak Hall, Boston, where selections may be made from the largest stock of goods ever offered in that city, and at unusually low prices. The one price cash system has a magical effect in attracting customers.

